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Hollins Columns (1941 May 29)

Hollins College

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Hollins Columns

VOLUME XIII

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HOLLINS COLLEGE, VIRGINIA, MAY 29, 1941

NUMBER 15

Books Burning, Tears Flowing Graduation '41

It certainly seems that if the seniors are not entirely worn out after exams, they will be by the time Graduation is over. One thing is sure—none of them will have time to do any solitary weeping.

Friday night, according to tradition, all the conglomeration of notes and notebooks for the past four years will go up in smoke at the bonfire held down near the riding ring. The whole campus is invited to come and envy and help the seniors yell.

Saturday, the alumnae arrive and take over with a tea in the afternoon and a formal banquet at the Hotel Roanoke Saturday night at six o'clock. From there they rush back to campus for the Commencement Play, "The Lamp and the Bell," to be given in the Little Theatre at 8:30 P. M.

Sunday, June 1st, at five P. M., the Commencement Concert is to be held, and Sunday night the seniors will go to their last chapel service as students. The Baccalaureate Sermon will be given by the Reverend Theodore F. Adams, D. D., of the First Baptist Church in Richmond, and the choir will sing the songs which they have been practicing for weeks.

Monday afternoon at four-thirty, Miss Randolph is giving her traditional garden party for the seniors and guests in the Beale Memorial Garden. At eight-thirty, the Senior Bonfire will be held on the library steps. (In case of rain, it has also been practiced in the Little Theatre.) This year, instead of the different classes singing to the seniors later at the tea house, they will sing to them on the library steps. The daisy chain will be presented by their sister class, and then the seniors will adjourn to the tea house for the Senior Banquet. At this banquet the seniors will sing the songs they have sung for four years, and those who are engaged will run around the table.

Tuesday, the Commencement Exercises will be held in the Little Theatre at ten A. M. The address will be given by Howard Mumford Jones, Professor of English at Harvard.

After graduation, the seniors will line up on the library steps, and, turning their rings around backwards, will give their caps and gowns to the Juniors. Then, at lunch the seniors will sing "Auld Lang Syne," and, rising, will give their places to the Juniors, declaring the class adjourned until June, 1943. The Juniors will then sing "We Are the Seniors" and the Seniors, according to tradition, will dissolve.

Hollins Columns Presents Manager and Column Writer

Rosemary Morse, Class of '44, has been appointed business manager of HOLLINS COLUMNS for next year. She succeeds Janet Simpson. The column writers on the paper are Evelyn Maraist, Virginia Davenport, Janet Simpson and Mary Welch.

Rosemary was prominent in affairs at National Cathedral School in Washington, where she held the offices of Secretary-Treasurer of the Junior Class; President of the Missionary Board, and was also a member of the Student Council. Janet Simpson and Mary Welch, who have never been on the literary staff of the paper, are writing "Under the Dome." Evelyn Maraist is writing the new fashion column, "Modes by Maraist," and Virginia Davenport is writing the new freshman column, "Pink Slips."

Final Elections Complete School Year; Roethke Heads Freya; Gale, Chief Marshal



Margaret Roethke has been elected chairman of Freya for the Centennial Year. In her previous years at Hollins Mickey has served on the *Spinster*, and on *Cargoes*. Aside from this work she has been active in athletics, especially swimming, and next year she will be Vice President of Student Government.

Freya is an honorary society which is the embodiment of the Hollins ideals. Each year the organization walks three times and usually new members are chosen preceding each walk. The girls in Freya are supposed to be the finest girls in Hollins and are selected on the basis of their admirable traits of character. Though Freya is not a society under the recording system, it means more to the school than any of the academic clubs, because it stands for something so great that it cannot be expressed in words, in spite of the fact that every one feels and realizes its value. In September Margaret Roethke will give a speech in Student Government and will outline the aims and the purpose of Freya.

On Wednesday, May 19th, Miss Randolph announced the names of the Marshals for the Centennial Year 1941-42. The Marshals are selected by the Executive Council and approved by the President. Although, under the new recording system, the office of Student Marshal receives no merit points, these students are official representatives of the College on public occasions, and as such are chosen for character and competence as well as for general ability.

The Chief Marshal for next year will be Caroline Gale, who served as Assistant Chief Marshal for 1940-41, while the Assistant Chief Marshal will be Janet Sicard, who has also previously served as a Marshal. Both of these offices are held by members of the rising Senior Class.

Marshals from the Class of '43 are Bernard Berkeley, Mary Ellsberg, Elizabeth Gravelly, Diana Harrison, Sara Cooper May and Judy Weiss.

From the Class of '44 come twelve of the twenty Marshals. They are: Susan Baker, Armin Kay, Elizabeth Chearning, Harriet McCaw, Emily McCurdy, Baird McClure, Agatha Roberts, Elizabeth Senger, Margaret D. Smith, Helen Taulman, Suzanne Wayne and Sara Yokely. The two alternates will be Louise Harri-man and Ruth Jones.



Molly Weeks Heads Riders

During the past few weeks the various organizations on campus have elected their officers for next year. The Riding Club is now led by Molly Weeks and the Secretary-Treasurer, Paige Roby. The Camera Club of '41-'42 will be under the direction of the new president, Mary Ellsberg, and the Secretary-Treasurer, Belva Schulze-Berge. President and vice president of the intellectual Curie Chemical Society are Anne Morrissey and Leota King; while the Writers' Club president and secretary are Sara Yokely and Ann Straub. Judy Barrow and Ann McClenny are the president and the secretary of the Choir, with Betsy Simpson assisting as librarian and Carolyn Burt as press reporter. The other musical organization on the campus, the Choral Club, has only elected the president, Penny Jones. Next year's Athletic Board has as its president, Virginia Martin and as its vice president, Emmy Neiley, who this year has acted as secretary-treasurer of the Board. The next year's secretary-treasurer is Rinky McCurdy, who has been the President of the Freshman Class.

On Sunday, May 18th, Phoebe Robbins, the outgoing president of the International Relations Board gave her last speech in an open meeting. Her topic was "Our Good Neighbor Policy."

West Goes with the Wind, "Direct Hit" Ventilates Attic

... so now we know where the "Wind" went! But what's more important is where did it go from here. For with it went West, or at least part of it. For further details see the stitches in the side of said building. They're a little too high for appendicitis, but could easily pass for malignant something or other. Never the same, the situation is now well under control, due to the combined efforts of John N. Waddell and Robert W. Talbert to say nothing of Frances Moore.

It all happened on Friday afternoon, at one minute after five, to be exact. (We know because the electric clock stopped when the storm struck which may or may not prove that we are exceptionally bright—but we digress.) The "direct hit" which ventilated the attic was received in much the same way as was the Man from Mars. Many of the young ladies expressed their grief in a steady high C monotone while others donned bathing caps, removed their shoes and took

similar precautions against—well, just against—! Meanwhile Jack Dalt—that is, Mr. Waddell, brought order and serenity to this chaotic scene by a brilliant maneuver whereby he managed to get the girls out in the open. Evacuation of the victims from the torn zone was carried out and those persons who had previously inhabited endangered areas were removed to safer vicinities (i. e., guest rooms). Having convinced THE PUBLIC that West was not entirely a thing of the past, investigations were made and plans for reconstruction were formulated. At present all former refugees are doing nicely, the majority having recovered from any nervous disorder they may have received. The "Memories," however, linger on.

All in all, the situation produced sundry and lasting witticisms—all ADACIOUS enough to fill a second edition of Bartlett's Quotations. One "Western" intellectual was heard to remark, in accents grave, that "Lindbergh told us this could happen."

Randolph Gives Nine Petitions Rejects Two

At the convocation on Wednesday, May 22d, President Randolph announced the changes to be made in the Handbook regulations for the college session of 1941-42. Earlier this spring the classes and Executive Council had presented a total of 40 petitions for the consideration of the Joint Legislative Council. Thirteen of these did not fall under the jurisdiction of the Committee and were forwarded to the Faculty and Administrative Committee, the Library Committee or the Executive Council. Under the chairmanship of Miss Leiphart the Council had revised and incorporated the majority of the remaining petitions into 11 bills to be submitted to President Randolph for her approval. The 9 bills which she signed are as follows:

CONVOCATION CUTS

Students are allowed two Convocation cuts a semester provided not more than ten from each class cut at a time. Absence from Convocation is excused if the student is off campus on a Dean's slip.

FRESHMAN LIGHTS

Freshmen must be in their respective rooms with their lights out by 12:00 P. M., Sunday through Friday.

DATING REGULATIONS FOR UNDER CLASSMEN

With special permission from the Social Office, under classmen with dates from a distance may have evening dates in Roanoke and Salem, returning to campus by 11:00 P. M.

CLOSING HOUR ON SATURDAY NIGHT

The college will remain open until 12:00 P. M. on Saturday night. Changes made in the following regulations:

- Dating in Roanoke and Salem
- Dating on campus
- Driving
- Use of social rooms and Keller
- Smoking
- Closing of residence halls

DRIVING REGULATIONS FOR UNDER CLASSMEN

(Registration of a specific destination when driving to Roanoke or Salem no longer necessary.)

DATING REGULATIONS FOR UNDER CLASSMEN

Under classmen having dates in Roanoke and Salem must return to campus by 7:00 P. M., except on Saturdays when they must return by 12:00 P. M., and on Sundays when they must return by 11:00 P. M.

SMOKING

Students may smoke off campus at their own discretion.

DRIVING REGULATIONS FOR UNDER CLASSMEN

With special permission from the Social Office, Sophomores and Freshmen, after the first five weeks, may drive with dates unchaperoned to daytime functions such as football games, boxing matches, etc., if they return to campus by 7:00 P. M. A permission from parents or guardian, including the name of the driver, must be filed in the Social Office. This may be a standing or a special permission.

OVERNIGHT ABSENCES

Freshmen who enter the second semester with full class standing may be away from the campus eight nights during that semester.

Psychology Major In Piano Recital

Even though Mary Harper Ricketts is a major in Psychology, she has been taking piano for the four years she has been at Hollins. Friday evening, May sixteenth, at eight o'clock, she gave a recital in the Little Theatre. The program was:

Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring.... *Bach-Hess*
Allegro from Sonata in C Major... *Mozart*
On Wings of Song.... *Mendelssohn-Liszt*
Nocturne in E Flat Major,
Op. 9, No. 2..... *Chopin*
Nocturne in F Minor, Op. 55 No. 1. *Chopin*
Impromptu..... *Gardner-Reed*
Clair de Lune..... *Claude Debussy*
Scherzo Humouristique—"Le Chat
et la Souris"..... *Aaron Copland*
She has been studying the piano since she was five and on coming to Hollins studied under both Robert Goodale and Myron Meyers in her freshman year, Cornelius John in her sophomore year, and for the past two years, she has been studying under Donald Bolger.

Famous Tennis Players Give Exhibition at Club

On Saturday, May 17th, at the Roanoke Country Club, Fred Perry, from England, and Johnny Vauce, of California, gave an informal exhibition. The tall, dark Britishman was a striking contrast to the blonde Californian, but the two gave equally splendid performances. Mr. Perry took the first set 10-8, and the second set, 12-10. Both men employed deep court shots, and gained their points with spectacular placements. There was surprisingly little play at the net.

Erica Brown, of Belgium, Elected Y. W. C. A. President

On Thursday night, May 1st, the Hollins College Student Government elected Erica Brown president of the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet for next year. Erica has held various prominent positions on campus, serving last year as librarian for the Choir and this year as president of the Choir.

Before coming to Hollins, Erica lived eighteen years in Belgium, coming to America in 1939. Her father holds an important government position under Herbert Hoover in the commission for the relief of the five small democracies.

Hollins Columns

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by a staff composed entirely of students

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OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

In approximately two weeks more, most of us will be free women. No longer will term papers, book reports, and physic problems fill our daily routine. We shall not have as a motive, or alibi, for our activities, the gaining of an A. B. Time will be ours.

Educators of an earlier period considered non-school time exclusively vacation time. Today, however, educators, professional groups, social workers, seem to feel that the college student has a function to perform in the summer months, as well as during the winter.

Summer opportunities for volunteer work are numberless. Hospitals, camps, recruiting posts, laboratories, settlement houses and camps demand helpers. Summer schools of music, art and language offer opportunities for those who want to continue their student status during the summer months. Special projects such as campus work provide a new type of life and service.

Many students who find the expenditures too great for such charitable activities devote themselves to paying jobs. Following a theoretical interest read about in text books, the ambitious student can gain actual practical application of these ideas in some simple job. With such a summer job the thoughtful student can decide just wherein his talent lies and select his college courses on his discoveries. For those who really have the inclination to keep busy during the summer, the possibilities seem endless.

CLEAN-UP WEEK — WHY NOT?

Lately there have been many complaints about the order in which the students' rooms are kept. Theoretically the maids clean each room in every dormitory thoroughly once a week. In reality this is not the case. In some rooms the dust lies in wads on the floor and has been accumulating since Spring Vacation in the corners, beneath the bureaus, and under the radiators. The radiators themselves need a good scouring, for they are well covered under a layer of dust. Another gathering place for dirt is the venetian blinds which have to be raised and lowered cautiously lest the entire room receive a shower of gray powder. The window sills are particularly grimy, especially those in West Building which collect the soot from the plant on back campus.

We hope that the complaints made about the condition of the rooms will be heard and that for the sake of the school, as well as for the individual, something will be done to correct the present situation.



A COMMENCING

Spring is the time of the year when things begin. But just as every new thing takes the place of something old, so every beginning is also an ending. Commencement is like this. It is the beginning of many things—marriage, careers, cabbages and kings. But it is also the final period in that chapter of your lives labeled "The Class of '41." From now on you belong to a class far larger than that of any separate school or college. A class of young men and women from Hollins to the University of Hawaii. Like you they have reached the starting point which comes at the end of college life. And like you they hold in their hands not only the future of our world but also the responsibility for that future. You will no longer have a carefully correlated, coordinated and integrated handbook to guide you. For your diploma is more than the reward for a certain number of courses completed. It is the formal recognition of your worthiness to accept responsibility, and the reputation of your generation as well as the future generations yet to come will depend upon how you stand up under this responsibility. If it is true that the future is a reflection of the past, however, the Class of 1941 may well have great expectations.

WORLD WIND

By CAROLINE GALE

PRESS CONFERENCE

In his press conference on May 16th President Roosevelt mentioned two undeclared wars in American history which were fought to maintain freedom of the seas, both were successful. He said this in defense of the threatening Nazi blockade of the Red Sea, for the wars, one against the Barbary pirates and the other against French and British privateers were caused by an attempt to hinder American shipping. Roosevelt added, moreover, that the test of a blockade is its effectiveness, not insurance of a decree with provisions for one.

RUDOLF HESS MYSTERY

The motive for Rudolf Hess' flight to Scotland is still a mystery to all except a very few people, though many have guessed and formed theories. At first some believed he was insane, but there is no ground for this belief. Although others believe he is disclosing secrets, or that he is a rascal, not a hero, and that the flight was just a fifth-columnist trick. Sir Neville Henderson, however, the last British ambassador to Germany, does not believe that Hess is either a spy or a traitor, but thinks it plausible that Hess fled to escape assassination. So at the end of the week the mystery which surrounds Hitler's Deputy Fuehrer is as baffling as ever, but it is the primary topic of conversation in England as people attempt to follow up their favorite clues on whatever basis they may have.

VICHY

Although news from the Vichy government has been received, concerning just how many of its possessions the French have turned over for German use, the Nazis seem to be using Syria as if the French had offered it to them. Syria, of course, is an important route to Iraq. Developments must be awaited, however, before it can be seen just how completely France is, for all practical purposes, on the Axis side. The English have suspected the alliance ever since the collapse of France, and now the United States is adopting this opinion. According to Know "It" (the Vichy government) "is in a Hitler squeeze and is paying the penalty of being vanquished in war."

Under the Dome

We Three seriously considered making this column "No Time for Comedy," simply out of respect for exams, but then we decided that what Hollins needed was inspiration for the final grind. On second thought, maybe it would be cheaper just to take the evening off and go see a good, cheap movie—the American can usually be counted on for a "double torture."

We walked into the infirmary the other day only to be confronted by a Junior "Social Problem" reading *We Who are About to Die*. Really, Miss Jackson, that must be quite a course and the girls seem desperately interested.

Emmy Lou Hart was carefully explaining that her life ambition was to be a technician and was planning to go to technician school next year. "Really," inquired Genivie Mills, "just to brush up on your technique, I suppose?"

Coming out of the dining room the other night Zora remarked that she was simply stuffed (it must not have been sweet potato and broccoli night). All of a sudden she stopped, petitioned the heavens, and sighed, "I've been invited out for dinner and now I'll have to go and eat again!" Some people have all the luck.

Bunnie and Rusty, thinking that the third of that all-too-gay combination, Pat, was long since dead to the world, were having a most serious discussion as to whether Roanoke had a Blue Book or not. One maintained that all "the" names were in a little "Blue Book" while the other claimed that there was merely a list containing the select few. The argument was finally discarded in favor of sleep. About two o'clock that night Pat sat bolt upright in bed and moaned, "Oh, Lord, and I'm not even on the list." That's okay, Pat, we've got you on our list.

Alma Darden had been having a great deal of trouble with a boil and finally the whole thing came to a head, so Alma trucked to the infirmary for a little medical assistance. "I think," mused Dr. Lee, "that you should have that lanced. Who does your surgical work, Alma?" Now, this isn't a plug, but we have been under the impression for some time that Alma's father is a doctor.

Several of the Sophomores were arguing over the pronunciation of certain words. Diana Harrison on one side and Bernard Berkeley on the other. For awhile it looked as though they were not going to be able to come to any decision when some bright person (it must have been a visitor, it could never have been a Hollins girl) suggested referring to Webster. Noah substantiated Bernard's claims. "Well," sniffed Diana, "the colonists are jolly well ruining the English language!"

Will some one please inform us as to whether Martha Elam really did shake hands with her date at the Ring Dance last week-end? When she left here she certainly was threatening to, but her friends really did try to persuade her that with every one else kissing their dates under that impressive-looking ring she was going to look pretty foolish shaking hands.

From Miss MacArthur's Religion 10 Class we learn the reason for so many divorces in the country today. She attributes it to the fact that too many people get married under the influence of synthetic gin or of synthetic sin.

And to quote Miss MacArthur again: "Many people mistake the term 'college bred' to mean a four-year loaf."



Modes by Maraist

THESE ARE SENIOR DAZE . . .

"Scarlett O'Hara" of the Senior Cotillion was Dee Alexander, exotic in turquoise and black lace . . . and everybody was rushing that "Lady in Red" taffeta, Freddy Metcalf . . . while Congo Queen, Franny Lunsford, in long sleeved white silk jersey kept the stags on their toes with her "one, two, three kick" . . . just to dispel that illusion about it being sophistication that satisfies, Alma Darden appeared and held her own in a demure blue-checked gingham, with batiste baby blouse . . . heading the handsome stag line was Muffy Sicard in a dark blue blazer with red cord trim . . . and Cyn Collings, Cotillion prez, was giving the gals a whirl, while sporting the very latest extravaganza in bow ties . . .

LET'S ALL SING TOGETHER . . .

Our barren little plot of ground took on a decidedly enchanting aspect Saturday last, what with the "top hat, white tie, and tails," displayed by the handsome troubadours of the University of you-know-where . . . front row warblers were Nancy Couper, who made "rave notices" in grey and pink bouffant net, topped off with the most delectable of angora sweaters . . . and no-one overlooked Swane, who was absolutely a breath-taker, in broadened cream satin . . . Alice Claggett achieved a classical effect in a blue Grecian draped chiffon . . . and Bunny Rohner was definitely "on key" in her white chiffon that suddenly became green . . . their wasn't a soul that didn't Rush those golden-throated Apollos in Keller after the festivities, and we do mean rush with a capital "R" . . .

YOU GO TO MY HEAD . . .

Spring is the season to be beserk on your head gear. The Nixie Pixie Queen did it, so why not you? . . . Popeye leans to the garden variety and displays sumptuous bunches of "the flowers that bloom in the spring" on her latest hat, and very effectively, too . . . On the other hand Fritz Von Lengerke leans to the opposite side and casts her vote for the unerring simplicity of a black derby . . . Then there are always those who cannot resist the charm of a little girl bonnet, and Dale Shell being one of those, chooses a smart dark blue and white number . . . Agnes Reid Jones stands by the classic Panama straw, which is an integral part of any versatile girl's summer wardrobe . . . It's just a passing thought, but won't it be a lovely summer with nothing on our minds but our crazy hats! . . .

THE SPICE OF LIFE . . .

Frances Campbell leads the demand for variety in the wardrobe and her answer is a pastel plaid reffer . . . The other end of the question is upheld by Alice Goodrich who has chosen white pumps with a brown platform for her current footwear . . . The fleet's in! Navy blue may be seen these days on Libba Hardwicke, Carolyn Peters, and Baird McClure . . . For a "study in brown" that makes any honor list we suggest June Wallace's gabardine suit . . . Anne Krueger takes the blue ribbon for her unique collection of "horsey" jewelry . . .

GOOD-BYE NOW . . .

Father Time chalks up another year . . . So watch the fashion plates of the summer . . . and I'll see you at Hollins, come September . . .

EVELYN MARAIST

Invader Enters Quiet Valley; Carvin Creek Scene of Battle

(To be read to yourself in a dramatic monotone)

On the Southern Front today near the little village hamlet of Roanoke, rages the most gigantic and decisive battle of the year. Lined up in opposition to the well-trained, well-armed and experienced forces of Minerva² is the small but valiant army of Hollins. Here along the treacherous banks of Carvin Creek amid the constant clash of artillery from L's Kitchen, those gallant soldiers have made their last stand. Deep in the heart of every man (?) among them is the knowledge that now is the time to stand or fall—to succeed or—fail (drop voice dramatically).

Both sides have been preparing for the contest for many months now, but it was not until the morning of May 20th that the giant forces of the Invader moved against the peace-loving inhabitants of the beautiful little community snuggled down among the grandeur of Virginian mountains³. On that day, the first line of regulars withstood the fierce battery of the heavy guns and repulsed the enemy with heavy losses. But that night there was sorrow in the camp, for good men (?) had fallen, and no one knew just what the morrow would hold.

These ensuing days see the defenses weakening, the food supply running low. The soldiers find it harder and harder to stand up against the ferocious attacks without even a Coca-Cola to sustain them. And it is more and more exasperating to sit still for hours lest a slight movement bring a rain of bullets from the besiegers. (Let voice tremble with feeling.) But each evening after the din of battle has died away, the defenders reorganize their resources. Food is rationed out in small

portions, and water issued sparingly—water that has been saturated with chlorine to provide a defense against another and more dreadful enemy—disease!

After four days of nerve-wracking struggle, the enemy retired, giving a brief day of respite. A delay no doubt intended to confuse our brave fighters, put them off their guard and make them vulnerable to attack. But the trick was wasted on the besieged men (?). For well they know that their best defense is preparedness and experience has taught them to beware of the Greeks, even bearing gifts.

Today, besieged and besieger are drawing to the close of their second week of battle. (Put everything you've got into this.) Many members of our valiant little army have succumbed to the over-powering onslaught of steel and cannon,⁴ but many more are still standing steadfast, resisting to the last breath in their bodies and to the last drop of blood in their veins.⁵

What will the outcome of such a struggle be? What can the coming days hold for our heroes battling against such tremendous odds? Will they—can they conquer such an inexorable enemy? (Let voice die softly and hesitatingly away.) Only the future can tell.

For further details, see your local grade reports. This is Station E-X-A-M signing off⁶. Hooty, hooty, kidlets.

¹And stupendous and colossal and—in fact, there is much fighting.
²Oh, how I wis-dombod'y'd tell me who she is.

³Paid advertisement.

⁴And that ain't all.

⁵And the last drop of ink in their pens.

⁶Way off.



Hail and Farewell

Final Golf Match Shows Day Winner

The "Blind Bogey" golf tournament was held at the Roanoke Country Club on Monday, May 17th, bringing a close to the 1941 Hollins golf season. Each girl who participated was able to pick her own handicap, thus giving an equal chance to all. Among those who entered were: Sue Wayne, Armin Cay, Priscilla Hammel, Ruth Pope, Rhea Day, Ann Page, Bliss Street and Helen Taulman. At the end of nine holes, some numbers were put in a hat and one was drawn. Armin Cay won the "Blind Bogey" as her score was nearest the drawn number. Rhea Day won the Low Gross and Pris Hammel was second.

On Friday, May 16th, Mr. Gordon, the golf "pro" at the Country Club came out to Hollins to demonstrate shots and to give instructions to any girls who were interested.

Sans Examination Worries, Freshmen Frolic at Picnic

Forgetting term papers, book reports, the Lone Ranger, and EXAMS for one short afternoon, the Freshman Class responded full force to the invitation to a picnic given by the class sponsor, Miss Gustafson, and Dean Smith in the Forest of Arden on Friday, May 16th.

The party lasted from 5:15 until 6:45. It started with a rough game of Drop-the-Handkerchief, which was followed by Farmer-in-the-Dell, London Bridge and Charades. The arrival of food broke up all the frolics, except an exciting game of baseball in which Mary Pearson, Ann Krueger, Babs Shindell, Jean Downs and several others were too engrossed to stop.

After a luscious supper of potato salad, baked beans, ham, rolls, lemonade, celery, raw carrots, and ice cream and cake, the Class of '44 gave a hearty cheer first for Miss Gustafson and then for the Dean. (Orchids, incidentally, to Miss Gustafson for knowing all the freshmen's names. That's doing all right!) All too soon the picnic was broken up by the ringing of the chapel bell.

PINK SLIPS

With every one running on schedules preparing for "that crucial moment," the front steps of Main haven't witnessed their usual amount of activity. However, Ring Dance at V. P. I. comes only once a year so Evelyn Anderson, Anne Jacobs, Eleanor Bartlett, Sally Setel, Stogie Rothwell, and Anne Straub (incidentally both of whom came back with very suitable "favors") June Olcott, and Martha Elam threw books away and traipsed over. Evelyn Anderson, by the way, was one of the four privileged to lead out. (In the figure, of course.)

Not to be outdone in the least, Joan Downs went to Williams, Becky Gale to Hamilton, and Chink Taylor and little Nancy Cooper left early Friday morning for Princeton.

This past week-end people leaving campus became even more few and far between although Anne Polkes, Barbara Hudnutt and Joanne Ridley were caught with suitcases outside of West Friday noon. A hurried interview revealed Carolina to be their destination.

The Horse Show at V. P. I. held the spotlight since representatives of every class on campus participated. June Olcott comprised the Hollins cheering section.

According to a University of Pennsylvania "biling," Anne Krueger arrived in plenty of time for the festivities.

And so with fingers crossed and plenty of rabbit's feet and four-leaf clovers on hand Pink Slips bid you all a fond "au revoir" until about September of next year when the front steps of Main will again be the center for "the twelve o'clock rush hour."

Centennial Cargoes Staff Dedicates First Issue

The first issue of *Cargoes* under the new staff, headed by Susan Johnson, was returned by the printers for proof reading, and was distributed at the beginning of this week. This Spring issue, which was the third and last for this year, had a new pattern for the cover, and, too, featured longer editorials. The stories ranged from dialect stories to familiar essays in type, and several poems were also printed in it.

They Are Going, They Are Going— But They're No More Like '41

Well, soon now it will be flowers, presents, baccalaureate sermons, families and tears as graduation looms near for the Seniors. But don't think all 57 of them are being pushed into a cold, cruel world befogged by a mist and a "What do we do now?" attitude. There are plans for the future . . . all kinds of plans . . . great, inspiring, colossal plans. Such as Polly's. She has the same old story she's had for four years. First, to be president of the Shroudly Ghosts, second, to buy a ketch and sail to Antipedes (or something) and most important of all, to write a book about Roanoke called "With Malice Towards All." Franny Lunsford balances that with no idea, absolutely, of what will occupy her precious time a year from now. McCleskey, however, will try to set the world on fire in her own sweet way if, she says, there's anything left of it by then. As a last resort she will condescend to live with Martha Susan and Couper in New York City. Martha Susan will be pounding the floor boards at Feagin's School of Dramatics and Couper will be grinding out beautiful pictures at a School of Dress Design.

Revolt in Order . . .

Anita announces that she is going to rush down and start a revolution in Mexico and Henny is going to play and play and play and travel. Winchel hints of nuptials but far be it from us to pass that on. Marcia, besides aging New Rochelle, plans to teach riding and French at Dunstan, her prep school in Maryland. Dear Old Bunch is plunging into a tough Junior League provisional course and swears that's the last exam she'll ever tangle with. Betsy Buckner and Mary Ann Pollard and Sally Harris are all going to get polished off in a business school. Freddy is, too, as a matter of fact. There are some like Mae Shelton and Ellen who are taking a sure-fire secretarial course. Ellen thinks she'll continue with voice lessons, and we all hope she does. But she insists there'll be no social life AT ALL.

Unite Collar Girls . . .

Dee and Popey and Fritz are going into department store work of some kind, whereas Maxine, with her Tuesday expression, said sadly, "I think I'll go quietly and calmly insane. If not you can find

me swimming in a canoe to Hawaii." Jane Cauble is really going to start from the ground up and teach nursery school. Tony says it's a toss-up between teaching in the local high school and being a play girl. That's the devil-may-care spirit we like. Gin's going to teach, too. She's rushing home to tell her new puppy dog all she learned in Logic Class. Hope it helps!

Sally White got that scholarship to a drama school and Trimble is contemplating in her own trimblish way taking a medical librarian's course. Right in line with that Zora wants to swim the Atlantic or else do nothing, Virginia Lewis is never going to read another book and Phebe Robbins is going to sleep. There's also an astute young lady called Margaret Harmon who swears she's going to make her debut and spend the winter in Miami. Tough! Lib Ward will marry with Uncle Sam's blessing and Lee Smith will anyway, the dare devil, in the fall. Deedle is breaking all precedents and is going to play, whereas Georgina is going to play, as contrasted with Barbara Martin who is going to play.

School Days Again . . .

Paige is going to take social work (more, Paige?) at Georgetown University and Batty Harmon tells us in a woeful small voice that she was wanting to go to Johns Hopkins but she hasn't heard from them yet . . . Emily Campbell is squeezing art school in along with all her other activities such as sun-bathing and wearing green sweaters. Alice Claggett wants to teach piano. Meanwhile she'll play the role of a country lass in Michigan this summer. Cornelia will teach at St. Catherine's and she can run over and see us all the time.

. . . and Then There Are Those

Windy and Willy are going to study to be technicians, and to tie up the whole future nicely. Lisa—the Limp One—tells us she is *not* going to business school; *not* going to be a biology technician; *not* going on the stage and *not* offering her body to Miss Sittler's "Human Lab."

The rest of the seniors, we assure you, are going to do something this next year, but they must have been paving the way for we couldn't find them and suspect they were either asleep or away for the week-end. Not studying. This was the week-end before exams. Don't be silly!

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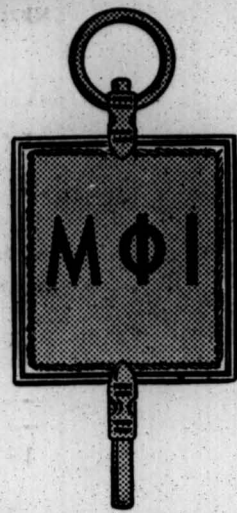
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